

The Ellsworth American.

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DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE AND GENERAL NEWS.

OFFICE IN PETERS' BLOCK.

BY N. K. SAWYER.

ELLSWORTH, MAINE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1866.

VOL. XII :: NO 41.

Business Cards.

Wm. P. HUNNEWELL,
Cabinet Maker & Jobber,
COFFINS and CASKETS,
ELLSWORTH, ME.
No. 20 on Main Street, three doors above the
Ellsworth House.

PLOWS!

For Sale by the
MORSE PLOW CO.,
No. 13, Commercial Street,
BOSTON.

Wholesale Grocers

PROVISION DEALERS
52 COMMERCIAL STREET,
(THOMAS BLOCK.)
J. F. TWISSELL,
J. P. TWISSELL,
J. P. CHAMPLIN.

CHASE, ROGERS & HALL,

Commission Merchants,
and sole dealers in

Flour & Provisions,

No. 61 Commercial Street,
PORTLAND, ME.

L. C. BRIGG & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS
AND DEALERS IN
FLOUR AND PROVISIONS;
21 COMMERCIAL ST., THOMAS BLOCK,
ELLSWORTH, ME.

BATHWAY & LANGDON,

DEALERS IN
FLOUR AND GRAIN,
No. 186 State Street,
(Formerly 16 Long Wharf.)
ELLSWORTH, ME.

Tyler, Lamb & Co.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.
Also Dealers in
Leathers and Findings;
2014 COMMERCIAL STREET,
BOSTON.

AUGUSTUS B. PERRY & CO.,

DEALERS IN
FLOUR & GROCERIES,
232 STATE STREET - BOSTON.

George P. Clark & Co.,

SHIP BROKERS,
75 COMMERCIAL STREET,
BOSTON.

A. J. KENIS (N.),

Manufacturer of and dealer in
CARRIAGES and SLEIGHS.
FRANKLIN STREET,
ELLSWORTH, ME.

WATERHOUSE & EMERY,

COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
ELLSWORTH, ME.

Wm. P. JOY

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office over J. W. Hill & Co.
Main St., Ellsworth.

A. F. BURNHAM,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Particular attention given to making deeds, Mort-
gages, Ac. &c.
Special attention devoted to the collection of de-
bts. against persons in the County of Hancock.
Office on State Street, over Atkins' Store,
ELLSWORTH, ME.

J. C. CALDWELL,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
Office over Warren Brown's Store,
State Street, 21

W. F. SHERMAN & CO.,

Manufacturers of
ATWOOD'S PATENT
ANTI-FREEZING PUMP,
With Glass Cylinders and Galvanized Rods & Boxes.
PUMPS are warranted not to leak & to lift
the water or get out of order with fair usage. Prices
ranging from \$5 to \$20.
25 State Street, and Town Rights for sale.
Agents for the Anderson Spring Bed, Rod
and the Common Sense Churn and the best
of us Wetzlar in the market.

Grave Stones and Monuments,

and all other kinds of
Mrbo and Cop Stone Work
executed by
JOHN GANT,
BUCKPORT, MAINE.

J. L. MACOMBER,

Manufacturer and dealer in
CARRIAGES.
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.
Blacksmithing & Horse shoeing
promptly attended to.
WATER STREET, ELLSWORTH, ME.
Ellsworth, Feb. 26, 1866.

The Ellsworth American

Book, Card & Job Printing Office,
ELLSWORTH, MAINE.

Oyster & Eating Saloon,

J. W. COOMBS, PROPRIETOR,
Osgood's Block,
STATE STREET, ELLSWORTH, MAINE.

DAVIS & LORD,

Wholesale and retail dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL,
49 MA STREET ELLSWORTH.

J. A. DEANE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
(Office over J. & T. Crippen's Store),
No. 4 Main Street, Ellsworth Me
October 8, 1866.

Dr. L. W. HODGKINS,

ELLSWORTH, ME.
Office over J. W. Hill & Co's. Store.

Until further notice Dr. Hodgkins can be found
at his office day or night, except when absent on
professional calls.
Ellsworth, Dec. 1st, 1865.

AIKEN BROTHERS,

DEALERS IN
STOVES, IRON SINKS, LEAD PIPES,
PUMPS, &c., &c., &c.
Briana, Pressed, Japaned and Glass Ware.
Manufacturers of
TIN WARE,
State Street, Ellsworth, Me.

PAINTING, GLAZING,

PAPER HANGING.
Having purchased the exclusive right to use
Adams Patent Graining Machine,
In Ellsworth.

I am prepared to do all kinds of Graining, in
copies nature accurately. I can do Graining in
two hours with this Machine than can be done
in one day by hand. Shop east end of Union Liv-
er bridge.

T. T. SMITH,

ELLSWORTH, SEPT. 4th, 1866.

Painting, GLAZING,

And Paper Hanging.
Shop over Henry Rollins' Harness Store. Or-
ders from out of town promptly attended to.
ELLSWORTH, DEC. 1865.

FREE SUPPLY

Flour,
Corn,
W. I. Goods,
Provisions and
Groceries.

For sale by
J. R. & E. REDMAN.

U. S. War Claim Agency,

Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay and
Prize Money.
Promptly attended for Soldiers, Seamen and their
heirs, by
STANLEY HOUSE,
ELLSWORTH, ME.

P. S.—ADVISE FREE. All business by mail
will receive immediate attention. Terms very
moderate and no charges unless successful.
S. WATERHOUSE.

GOLD! GOLD!

The subscriber has just returned from Boston
with a new and splendid assortment of
Five Gold Watches
for Ladies of Gents; nice Silver Watches; Gold
Chains of various patterns; Pins, Rings,
etc., etc., etc.
All of which will be sold at the lowest living
rates.
Cal and see them.
Same store with A. T. Jellison.
Geo. F. DEXX.
Ellsworth, July 6th.

Spiritual Philosophy.

MRS. LOVINA MOOR
Trance and Clairvoyant Medium.
Will be found every TUESDAY and THURSDAY
at the room over T. E. Brooks' Store,
Main Street, opposite the Ellsworth House,
where she will deliver advice and prescribe
Medicine.
Persons of her services are invited to call.
Ellsworth, Oct. 3d, 1865.

ALL KINDS OF

Dry Goods & Lumbermen's Goods,
AND CHEAP FOR CASH.
EXCHANGE STREET, BANGOR.
J. DRESSER & CO.

DISOLUTION.

THE Partnership heretofore existing under
the name of SAUNDERS & PETERS,
expired by limitation the 9th of October, last.
The business of the firm will be adjusted by either mem-
ber of the firm.
W. B. PETERS.
Ellsworth, Oct. 24, 1866.

NOTICE.

THE FIRM OF F. L. COLE & CO. has been
dissolved by mutual consent.
F. L. COLE will settle the business of the late
firm.
Gouldsboro, Oct. 1st, 1866.

Quarterly Report

Of the condition of the Backport National Bank
on Monday, October 1st, 1866.

Capital Stock, \$100,000
Circulation, \$1,000
Circulation State Note, \$1,000
Deposits, \$20,000
Profits, \$20,000
\$20,000

Loan, \$20,000
S. Securities, \$20,000
S. Securities, \$20,000
Specie and Lawful Money, \$20,000
Cash Items, \$20,000
\$20,000

Backport, Oct. 1st, 1866.

Poetry.

The Meadow Brook.

Beside the Meadow Brook she strayed,
A happy child with laughing eyes;
Above her smiled the soft blue skies,
Around her danced the sunbeams played.

The brook went babbling on its way
Adown the meadow bright with flowers
Of early spring, and through the hours
Made merry with her laughing play.

She sat beside the meadow brook,
A maiden fair in summer time.
When the sweet year was in its prime,
The brook she read was all of love.

The same blue sky smiled bright above;
The brook it sang a tender song
Of love to her the whole day long;
The brook she read was all of love.

Rejoice the meadow brook she stood,
A nutmeg in the noon of life.
A happy mother and a wife,
Who looked on life with joyous pride.

Around her fell the autumn leaves;
The meadow brook was almost dry.
The reapers found the year's last sheaves,
And in her hand she held a book.

Once more beside the brook she stood—
The willow branches round her there
And frozen over the brook's still face
A wreath of life and love of age.

(Public Opinion.)

Miscellaneous.

The Dead Letter.

CHAPTER IX.
JOINING THE MISSING LINKS.

"It was your nephew—James Argyle."

For a moment you might have heard a
leaf drop on the carpet: no one spoke or
stirred. Then Eleanor arose from her chair
and lifted up her head, looked with awful
eyes at the cowering murderer. Her look
blasted him. He had been writhing under
Mr. Burton's grasp; but now, as if in an-
swer to her gaze, he said:

"Yes—I did it, Eleanor," and dropped to
the floor in a swoon.

The scene which transpired in the next
few minutes was harrowing. The revela-
tions of feeling, the shock, the surprise and
horror were almost too much for human
nature to bear. (To be continued from page
from Mr. Argyle, as if his breast were be-
ing rent in twain. Mary totered to her
sister and threw herself at her feet, with
her head buried in her lap; if she had not
been so healthily organized, and of such an
even temperament, I know not how she
would have survived this frightful check to
her hopes and affections. It seemed as if
Eleanor, who had lived only to suffer for so
many weary months, had now found some
possession than any of the others; her dim,
white hair, fell softly on her sister's curls
with a pitying touch; and after a time,
she whispered to her some words. My
own surprise was nearly as much as any
one's; for, although many times I had felt
that James was the guilty one, I had felt
tried to drive away the impression, and had
finally almost succeeded.

In the mean time you went to the un-
happy man, who had found a temporary
relief from shame and despair in insensibil-
ity. All recoiled from him, as he lay upon
the floor. Finally, Mr. Burton forced him-
self to raise him; consciousness was return-
ed, and he placed him on the sofa, and
gave him a handkerchief wet with cologne.

Presently Mary arose from her kneeling
position, and looked around the room until
her glance fell on me, when she came to-
ward me, and grasped both my hands, say-
ing:

"Richard, I never again—I always
felt that you were innocent and always said
so. You must forgive the others for my
sake. My father and sister will bear me
witness that I always defended you from
the accusations of one who, it is now proved,
sought with double, with inconceivable
baseness, to divert suspicion from himself
to another. My voice, my investigation, for I
never wanted to marry him," she added,
bursting into tears, but they overpowered
me."

"Quiet yourself, sister," said Eleanor,
gently, arising and approaching us. "We
have all wronged you. Richard—I fear be-
yond forgiveness. Alas! we can now see
what a noble enemy you have been!"

In that moment I felt repaid for all I
had suffered and said with joy:

"Never again, Miss Argyle; and I for-
give you, wholly."

Then there was another stir; James had
risen to slip away from the company, now
so distasteful to him; but Mr. Burton again
stood between him and egress; as he did so,
he said:

"Mr. Argyle, it is for you to decide the
fate of this miserable man. I have kept
all my proceedings a secret from the pub-
lic; I even advised George to withhold re-
sistance, for I thought your family
had already suffered enough, without load-
ing it down with the infamy of your nephew.
If you say that he shall go unpunished
by the law, I shall abide by the few who
now know it. For your sake, not for his,
I will spare him the death which he de-
serves; but he must leave the country, at
once and forever."

"Let him go," said his uncle, his back
turned upon the murderer, toward whom
he would not look. "Go, instantly and
forever. And remember James Argyle,
I never see your face again, if I ever hear
of your being anywhere in the United States
I shall at once cause you to be arrested."

"And I, the same," added Mr. Burton.
"God knows, if it were not for these young
ladies, whose feelings were touched to me, I
would not let you off so easily."

He opened the door, and James Argyle
slunk out into the night, and away, none
knew whither, branded, and excommunicated,
and alone—away, without one look at the
fair, beautiful girl who was so soon to have
been his bride—away, from the home he
had periled his soul to secure.

When he had gone we all breathed more
freely. Mr. B. had yet much to say for he
wished to close this horrible business for-
ever. He took the surgical instrument
which he had found in the tree, and fitted
it to the piece which had been extracted
from the body of the murdered man, and
showed the family the initials of George
Thorley upon it. He then produced the
written confession of Thorley, which we all
read for ourselves; but as it contained only
in a plain statement, the facts already giv-
en, I will not repeat them here. He then
proceeded with the history of the DEAD
LETTER which, also, he had with him, and
which proved to be in the same handwriting
as the confession. In speaking of the
curious manner in which this document
had been lost to be recovered in the right

time by the right person, he seemed to con-
sider it almost awfully providential.

From that he went on with a minute his-
tory of all the steps taken by both of us,
our journey over the ocean, the wonderful
success which waited upon patience, per-
severance and energy, securing the final
triumph of justice; and to conclude with, he
said:

"I owe, still, a good many explanations
both to you, Mr. Argyle, and to Mr.
Redfield. I cannot lay before you the thou-
sands of threads by which I trace the
course of a pursuit like this, and which
I make successful as a detective; but I
can account for something which at times
have puzzled both of you. In the first
place there is about me a power not pos-
sessed by all—call it instinct, magnetism,
clairvoyance, or remarkable nervous and
mental perception. Whatever it is, it en-
ables me, often, to feel the presence of crim-
inals, well as to feel the presence of good
kind, artists, or marked by some of the
kind. The day on which the case was
placed before me, it was brought by two
young men, your nephew and this person
now present. I had not been ten minutes
when I began to perceive that the
murderer was in the room with me; and
before they had left me I had decided which
was the guilty man. But it would have
been unpardonable rashness to denounce
him without proof; by such a course I
would throw him on the defensive, defeat
the ends of justice, and overwhelm myself
with denunciation. I waited and watched
—I put him under surveillance. That
night upon which he crossed over the Brook
lin ferry to pay the money to the hired
assassin, I was upon his track; I heard the
angry dismy with which he accused Rich-
ard of following him, when the other met
him at the ferry on this side. It was not
very long after I began to investigate the
case, before he cautiously approached me,
as he did you, with hints of the night-
guilty party; he made me see how much
to the interest of his friend Richard it
would be, if rivals were out of the way,
and how desperately that person loved Miss
Argyle. (Forgive me, friends, for using
plain language—the whole truth must be
told.) But I need not dwell on this meth-
od of proof; I need only say that I con-
fess that he used consummate tact; if I
had not read him from the first, I too,
might have been misled. He was not over-
eager in the search for suspected per-
sons, as the guilty always are. He did
not suspect Miss Sullivan, as Richard did.
I feared the pursuit of Miss Sullivan for
two reasons: the first was to conceal my
real suspicions; the next was, after finding
her handkerchief in the garden, after the
fact, and all those really strong grounds
for suspecting her connected with the mur-
der, I began to think that she was con-
nected with it, through some interest in
James Argyle. I did not know that she
might have been attached to him—that
the child she cared for might be his—
you see I was totally in the dark as to all
the details. I only took for granted that
James was guilty, and had to gather my
proofs afterward. It was not until after
my interview with Leese, at Moreland
Villa, that I became convinced she had
nothing to do with the murder, and that
all her strange proceedings were the result
of the grief she felt at the tragic death of
one whom she secretly loved. When I
had an interview with you on that same
afternoon, I saw that James had poison-
ed your mind with suspicions of Mr. Redfield;
and that he had kept me silent so long
—that is, that I should not be so un-
derstand you—I did not defend him, as
I otherwise should. Apparently, I allow-
ed the case to drop. It was only that I
might follow it undisturbed. I had al-
ready fixed upon California as the retreat
of the accomplice, and was about to start
off in search of him when Richard appear-
ed upon the scene with the Dead Letter in
his hand.

From that hour I felt sure of perfect suc-
cess. My only anxiety was that the mar-
riage should not be consummated, which
would seal my mouth; for, if Mary had
been married on my return, I should have
considered it too late to reveal the truth.
This made me very uneasy—not only for
her sake, but because then I could not
clear Mr. Redfield's character to those
friends who had cruelly wronged him. I
kept my suspicions from him, although he
did not know that I was investigating for
I was afraid that his impetuosity might cause
him to do something indiscreet, and I did
not want the guilty one alarmed until the
net was spread for his feet. To-night,
when I came here, I still further carried
on my plan of allowing you to remain un-
decided until the last moment, for I count-
ed on the sudden, overwhelming accusation
having the effect to make the murderer
confess; and I did not wish to lose the
chance to be proved not only to corroborate
any points of my testimony in which she
might be concerned, but that reparation
might also be done her, for we have troubled
and frightened her a great deal, poor thing
when her only fault has been too keen a
perception of the nobility of that departed
marry, whose memory his friends cherish
so sacredly. She has but a brief space to
dwell on earth, and I thought I could
excuse her for her conduct; that no one but
her for the pure devotion which has lighted
her soul and consumed it like oil which
burns away in perfume."

Mr. Burton never meant to be poetical,
but his perceptions were of that refined
kind that he could not withhold from poor
Leese this little tribute to her noble folly.
His words touched Eleanor; she was too
high-minded to despise the faithless offer-
ing of another and an humble woman at
the shrine before which she was privileged
to minister; I believe in that hour she
felt a sister's interest in poor, lowly, but
love-exalted Leese Sullivan. She crossed
over, took the wasted hand in her own,
and pressed it tenderly. We all now per-
ceived how much this dreadful evening had
fatigued the invalid.

"She must go to bed at once," said Eleanor.
I will call Nora, and have her placed
in the room which opens out to Mary's.

The young ladies retired to give their
gentle attention to the sick girl; and both,
before they went out, pressed my hand as
they good night.

We three men remained long, talking
over each particular of our strange story,
for we could not feel like sleeping. And
before we parted for the night, Mr. Argyle
had humbled himself to confess that he
was led to condemn me without sufficient
cause.

"I loved you as a son, Richard," he said,
in a broken voice, better than I ever loved
James, for I was aware that he had many
faults of heart and head. And when I was
induced to believe you the author of the
crime which had broken all our hearts, I

was still further downcast. My health has
failed as you see; and I was urgent upon
Mary to marry her cousin, for I felt as if
she would soon be left fatherless, and I
wanted the girls to have a protector. I
might better have left them to the care of
a viper," he added, with a shudder. "Poor
Mary, dear girl! she was right all the time.
She never did love that man—though of
course, she had no idea of the truth. Thank
God it is no worse!"

I knew he was thinking of the marriage,
and I, too, murmured, "Thank God."

Mr. Argyle said Mr. Burton, laying
his hand on that of the other, "this terrible
affair is now brought to a close, as far as
it can be. Let me advise you to brood
over it as little as possible. Your health
is already failing. I acknowledge it is
enough to shake one's reason; but, for that,
I would bid you drop it all from your mind
—to banish the thought of it—never to re-
fer to it again. You can yet be tolerably
happy. Let future days before all of
you, except dear Miss Eleanor. Adopt
Richard as your son, make him your part-
ner, as you first intended. I will give you
my warrant for what is worth that he will
relieve you both of business and household
duties—and that you will feel, during your
declining years, as if you indeed, had a son
to comfort you."

"But I do not believe that Richard would
take such a head at me," said Mr. Argyle,
doubtfully.

I hesitated for a moment, pride rebelled;
but since all was forgiven, ought it not to
be forgotten? when I spoke it was, with
heartiness:

"If you need a partner in your office, and
wish me to take the place, I will do so."

"Then the compact is signed," said Mr.
Burton, almost gaily. "And now I will
try to find a head at me!"

"Of course you will not," said our host.
"This house is yours as much as mine, Mr.
Burton, always. How much I thank you
for all the time, money and thought you
have lavished in our behalf. I will not try
to say to-night. Our gratitude is unspoken
because it is boundless."

"Don't thank me for following out the in-
stincts of my nature," said the detective,
reflecting carelessly; and with that we
shook Mr. Argyle's hand and retired to the
rooms that he assigned us.

In the morning Miss Sullivan was found to
be much worse, the journey and the ex-
citement had made her very ill, so that it
was impossible for her to return to the
city with Mr. Burton. A physician was
sent for who said that she could not live over
two or three days. She heard the sentence
with apparent joy; only she begged Mr.
Burton to send little Nora up to her, on
the evening train, that she might see the
child before she died. This he promised to
do, and to have always an interest in her
welfare. She was much affected when he
bade her farewell, for he had gained her
love and confidence by his manner of treat-
ing her.

The child came and was tenderly receiv-
ed by the sisters. They were unwearied
in their attentions to the sufferer, whose
last hours were soothed by their earnest
words of hope and comfort. Leese died
with a smile on her face, going out of this
world, which had been so cold to one of
her impassioned nature, with joy. When I
looked at the wasted corpse, I could hardly
realize that the fire was out forever
which had so long burned in those won-
derful eyes—it was not quenched, it had only
been removed to a purer atmosphere—
She was buried, very quietly, but never-
theless on a beautiful day. For the
charge was much petted by the young
ladies; and as a lady who, I thought, was
her, learning that she was an orphan, took
a fancy to adopt her, they, with Mr. Bur-
ton's consent, resigned her to a new moth-
er. I have seen little Nora lately; she is
a pretty child, and well cared for.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW LIFE.

The winter passed away quietly. The
sudden absence of James Argyle caused
much harmless gossip in the village. It
was reported and generally believed, that
he had gone abroad, on a tour to Egypt,
because Miss Mary Argyle had jilted him.
Fortunately, the arrangements for the wed-
ding were known to but few, the feelings
of the family having inclined toward a very
quiet affair. The wedding day was a New
York milliner, who probably never learned
that the wedding was not consummated.

I was very busy in the office. Mr. Ar-
gyle's health was poor, and business had
accumulated which took the most of my
time. We wished him to board in his house,
but I declined doing so; though, as in the
old happy times, I spent nearly all my even-
ings there.

Beyond the first shock, Mary did not
seem to suffer from the abrupt termination
of an engagement into which she had en-
tered reluctantly. I even believed that
she felt very much relieved at not being
compelled to marry a cousin for the sake
of securing a protector. Her gay laugh
soon resumed its sweetness; her bright
loveliness bloomed in the midst of winter,
making roses and such flowers of the
season. Eleanor seemed to love to see her
sister happy, gently encouraging her efforts
to drive away the shadow which lingered
about the house. Her own sad life must
not be permitted to blight the joy of any
other. I have said that my feelings to-
ward her had changed from passionate
love, through intense sympathy, into affec-
tionate reverence. I think now, that I
felt toward her a good deal as Mary did.
It was the first day which had really
shown me her true self, and I had really
known her; there was a small of violets
and new grass on the air. I had my office-win-
dow open, but as the afternoon wore away
and the sun shone out after an April sprin-
gle, I could not abide the dullness of that
court of law. I felt those "blind motions
of the spring," which Fenimore attributes
to trees and plants. And verily, I was in

sympathy with nature. I felt verdant—
and if the reader thinks that to my discred-
it, he is at liberty to cherish his opinion—
I felt young and happy—years seemed to
have dropped away from me, like a mantle
of ice, leaving the flowers and freshness to
appear. Not knowing whether my fancy
would lead me, I walked toward the man-
sion, and again, as upon that autumn af-
ternoon which I first saw Eleanor after her
calamity, I turned my steps to the arbor
which crowned the slope at the back of
the lawn. Thinking of Eleanor, as I saw
her then, I entered the place with a light
step, and found Mary sitting, looking out
on the river with a dreamy face. She
blushed when she perceived who had in-
truded upon her reverie; I saw the warm
color sweep away after wave, over the
lovely cheek and brow, and I knew instan-
tly the secret it betrayed. I remembered
the arms which had once fallen about my
neck, the tears which had rained upon my
cheek, the eyes of a young girl, the
engender voice which had said: "I love you,
Richard! I will believe nothing against
you!"

Oh

